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December 1939

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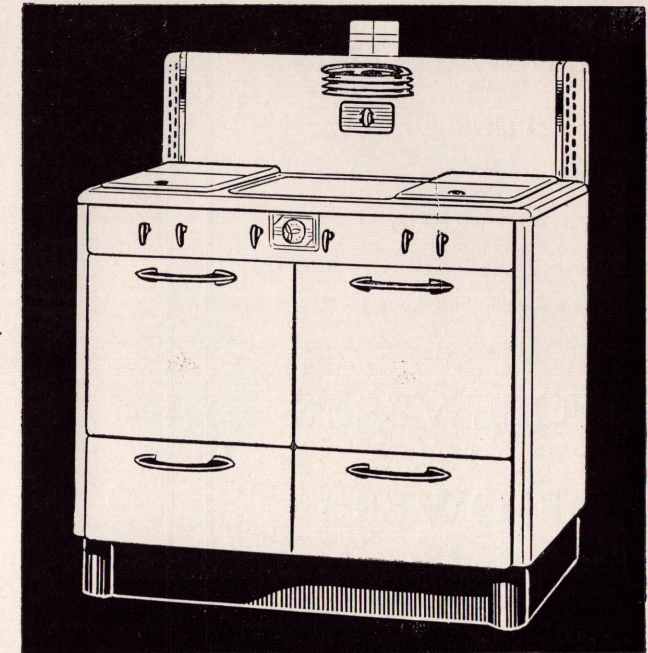
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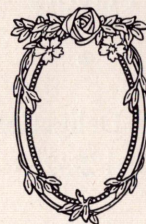
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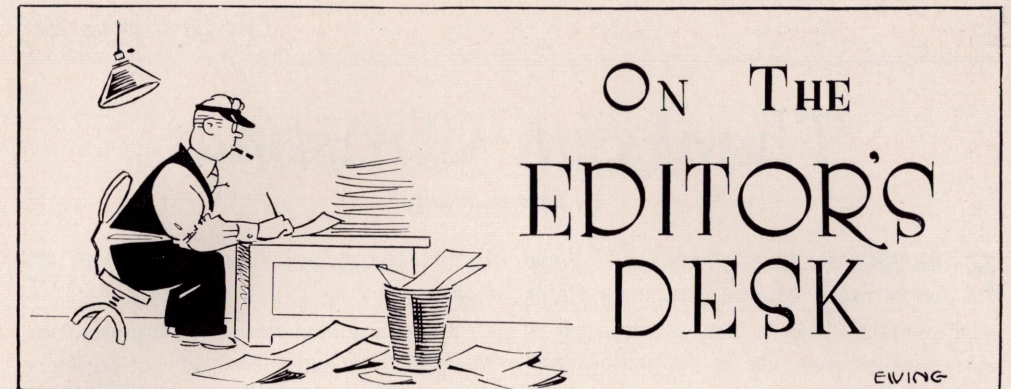
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Chaos?

By Bruce Hainsworth

HAVE you ever considered the world chaotic? Have you ever grumbled about the injustices which seem to prevail? Have you ever bemoaned the "decadence of civilization"?

If you have had these thoughts, you were justified. Unfortunately, the world is in disorder; injustices often prevail; civilization slides. In an age which boasts that it is scientifically controlled, science itself is in turmoil, contradicting itself at every turn. Every nation has a huge medical bill—many countries even subsidize medical researchers—solely to save lives. Every nation also maintains as large and as well-trained an armed force as possible—solely to destroy lives. Civilization itself is threatened in many parts of the globe by dictators who aim either toward increasing their own personal power or advancing their nation at the expense of others. In these lands a man can not say or even think what he wants to; an artist finds his only chance to survive in drawing exclusively pro-Mr. Dictator masterpieces; a musician—as such—must play either the drums or the bugle. And now over half the world is at war, simply because man's "scientific" mind has not yet grasped the fact that both sides win when nations arbitrate and both sides lose when nations fight. On the

domestic front social insecurity reigns. Unemployment threatens our institutions now as seldom before, since widespread, enforced idleness not only breaks up homes, but leads to cynicism and even to open revolt against society.

Yet surely there is another side to the picture—a better side. No planet could be so bad. If we study history, we are bound to observe that no matter what set-backs civilization (i.e., government with high ideals working solely for the interests of the people) has received, it has always pressed on; it seems impossible that this forward march—millenniums in duration—shall now be forever halted. Think of the years which medical science has added to man's life, of the slow, but general, rise in the standards of living. Do these avail us (and the world) nothing?

And then—look at the stars. Those little points of light are always above us; sometimes we can't see them, but they are always there. The stars, too, look chaotic—perhaps even more disordered than our little world. But who can conceive of a better-regulated universe? Perhaps our world is like the stars; perhaps it only *looks* disordered.

Next time you become despondent because of the sorry mess the world is in, just look up at the stars—and think.

Thanks on Christmas

By Marion Willis

EVERYBODY likes Christmas. Some people like it because it means a whole week without a book to open, an oral topic to learn; others may like it for various and assorted reasons. But my pet reason why Christmas is my favorite holiday is that it's then, in the soft glow of candlelight of Christmas Eve, when the whole world outside is enshrined in a soft rosy-white glow, that I feel honestly and truly grateful for everything that has happened to me during the year. Thanks and appreciation just seem to well up inside of me—it's a marvelous feeling, really—until I have to write a poem to show how lucky I am to be alive.

It's not the multitude of presents under a shining tree—though I admit I'd feel pretty low if they weren't there—that causes this feeling of mine. It's the sense of peace and eternal happiness that is on the earth.

Blending in with the atmosphere of peace and good will are the community sings which are rapidly becoming an institution on Christmas Eve. I can think of no way by which to enjoy myself better on that magical night than at the sing. When that crowd of over a thousand, youngsters and oldsters alike, gather around three or four freezing trumpeeters and an announcer to sing the songs which have become as much a symbol of Christmas as the beautiful story of the first Christmas, a feeling of pride and joy surges up within me and the cares which have fretted me are forgotten. What care I about the war now, or about the presidential campaign? Making me happy is the thought that all is heavenly and peaceful on this night which all the modernistic ideas in the world will never

be able to change from the glorious old-fashioned.

We've a million things to be grateful for. We should be extremely glad that our stores and newspapers are advertising and urging us to buy a necktie for Johnny and a compact for Mary; not ordering Johnny to join the army, and telling Mary the correct thing to wear in case of a blackout. We should be happy that we are learning history instead of making it, learning what to do in an air raid.

Just being alive, healthy, and happy is worthy of a thousand thanks. Though ill fortune may have passed your way, be grateful that it's all over. It's a grand old world, and if you live in it long enough you'll realize it.

A blessing which I won't fail to praise on the eve before that great day is school. I'm glad I'm young and can go to school, and meet the many others just like myself who don't know how lucky they are that they can go to school. Where would all these lovely romances begin if it weren't for school? Where would we get the gossip about so-and-so? Where else can one combine work and pleasure so beautifully? For all my friends I give thanks, too, for without them life would not be worth living.

You may think that thanks on Christmas is a little inappropriate, that Thanksgiving is reserved for that. But shouldn't we be thankful every day for the blessings which are ours? A most wonderful time to be grateful for all that is ours, I think, is Christmas, when war and competition relinquish their place in the limelight to good old-fashioned peace on earth. And let us all hope that it will continue to be such down through the ages.

Let's Be Modern

By Elizabeth Byrne

"BUT I always stay home on Christmas day," wailed Jill. "I don't know what my mother would think."

"Oh, don't be that way," said Marion Portor. "We know you always stay home on Christmas. So do we all. But that's old stuff. This year let's be different. What can you do at home? You have to work all morning helping to get dinner ready, then you always eat too much, and afterward you sit around and watch your father fall asleep in the armchair. None of your own friends come to visit you because they are all doing the same things that you are—staying at home because it's Christmas! Now I for one am fed up with that Christmas-at-home bunk, and I guess I'm not alone. So this year we are just going to treat our parents to a new kind of Christmas—a regular modern Christmas. Now, this is what we are going to do. Six of us are going to have dinner at one-thirty at the Luxor Hotel in Bridgeport. They are going to have a dance orchestra there all afternoon and we can have a peachy time. Only we need the fellows to go with us. If you go, Toby Tyler will go; and if we get him, there will be nothing to getting the rest of them. Since that touchdown Thanksgiving Day he has them all eating out of his hand." Then, as Jill looked doubtful, "Personally I think he is overrated. Do you think he would go with you, or do you think that since he has become the GREAT hero, and can have any girl for the asking, he won't be so ready to do everything that Jill Wakely asks him!"

Jill, who couldn't stand any slurring remarks about Toby, was instantly up in arms.

"I want you to understand, Marion Portor, that nothing could make Toby Tyler have a swelled head. He will always be the same, no matter how many touchdowns he

makes. And I guess Toby cares enough about me to do what I ask."

"All right then;—get him to go with us Christmas Day," triumphed Marion.

Jill knew Marion had put one over on her, but she was in it now and couldn't back down. It was difficult to sell the idea to Toby at first, but the more they talked about it, the nicer it seemed. It was the one day in the year that they all had money and something new to wear, and the prospect of dining and dancing to a swell orchestra was too much even for the boys. So it was all settled, and there wasn't any talk about breaking the news to the various families. That was a job for each one. Each one must do it in his own way, and the less said about it the better.

The day before Christmas Toby called Jill.

"Want to play Mrs. Santa Claus and help me deliver some packages for my mother? She is awfully busy and as long as I'm going to be away tomorrow, I thought it wouldn't hurt me to help her out a little."

Jill was glad to go anywhere with Toby, so the two of them set out with the baskets of food and toys. Toby explained to Jill as they rode along, "I have a list of names here. Most of these baskets have to go on the other side of the town; I guess the people are kind of poor. The Christ Child Society gets the names of people who maybe couldn't have much of a Christmas, and they try to make the kids happy by sending them toys and baskets of food."

But both Toby and Jill were surprised at the poverty which they encountered. They hadn't known that people had to live in such destitution.

"Gosh, Jill, we're lucky not to have to live in homes like these," said Toby.

"I know," answered Jill, "and I'm glad we don't. Our homes are just wonderful compared to most of them we have seen. You know, Toby, it's going to seem odd not being at home tomorrow."

"Sure, but think of the much better time we'll be having," said Toby, more as if trying to convince himself than Jill.

"I don't know," said Jill.

"Aw, come on, Jill. Don't get cold feet now."

"All right, Toby. I wasn't trying to back out. I was just thinking."

"Well, you'd better not do too much thinking. It's dangerous."

Before they went home Jill and Toby stopped in one of the department stores to do some last minute shopping. Presently Toby felt a tug at his arm, and turning around, he heard Jill say, "Toby, look at that little boy and girl there. They're so ragged; how can they buy such expensive toys? Look, the little girl's got a doll and the little boy's got a truck. Oh, Toby, aren't they cute?"

"Hey, Jill, those kids aren't buying those things. They're just taking them. And here comes the floorwalker. Gee!"

"Oh, Toby, he can't take those things away from them—they love them already. Oh, I'm going over there."

"Hey, Jill, wait for me. I'm coming, too."

Jill and Toby reached the counter just as the floorwalker was trying to take the doll away from the little girl. She held out as long as she could, but when the floorwalker finally got it away, big tears rolled down her cheeks.

At that moment both Jill and Toby sprang forward.

"Here's the money," they said together. "I told them to come over and pick out what they wanted . . ."

They broke off and looked at each other in surprise. Finally Jill bought the doll for the little girl and Toby bought the truck for the

little boy. Then they took the children home after filling up their stomachs with ice cream and their pockets with candy.

Back in the car going home, they looked at each other again.

"Well," Toby said, "I guess we stay home tomorrow in the same old way. Neither of us has any money left."

"I'm glad, Toby," said Jill. "It's so much more like Christmas to make those two kids happy and to stay home. I know Mother and Dad will be glad too."

"I feel the same way, Jill. I didn't want to anyway, but I thought that you wanted to," said Toby.

"Well," said Jill, "it might have been fun, and we'll probably have to take a ribbing from the gang, but I for one shall be glad to spend Christmas in the same old fashioned way—right in my own house."

Toby had a speculative expression on his face as he said, "You know, Jill, it may be that you and I shall be spending Christmas in the same house some day. Well, so long, Jill, and Merry Christmas."

MY POSSESSIONS

By Marjorie Sayles

Why am I happy? why am I free?
Because this world was made for me.
Because I own each bud and flower
Growing in a woodland bower.
To me belong the moon and stars,—
The sun that falls in flickering bars
Across the floor of forest dim.
Even the purple mountains grim
Hold treasures rich for me to seek,
A glittering falls or babbling creek.
All these are Nature's gift to me
If I but have the eyes to see.

Yuletide

By Winifred Aitchison

THE sky is filled with thickly falling snow-flakes descending softly upon the merry package-laden crowds thronging in and out of the gaily-lighted shops, each crystal flake bearing its message of peace and good cheer whether it melts languishingly on a rosy cheek or slips through the wire netting of a red Salvation Army kettle.

A starry-eyed little girl, clad in a thin little coat rather the worse for wear and clutching her precious dime tightly in mittenless fingers gazes raptly at a display of brooches in a five and ten window. Some mother is going to be very happy.

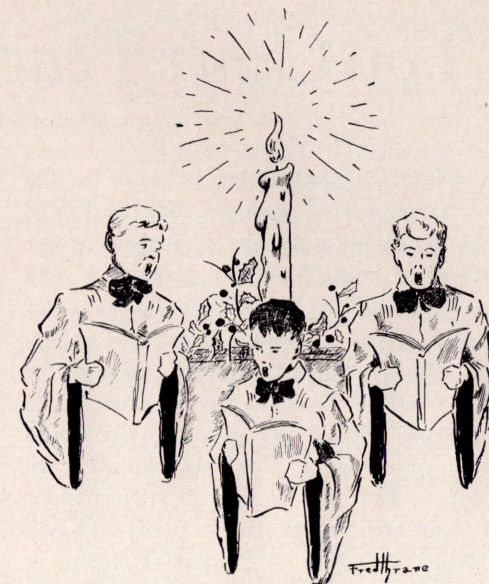
A gruff old gentleman, who might be Scrooge reformed, shuffles along tapping his cane and furtively slipping change into the kettles in answer to the impelling summons of the little silver bell, which rings incessantly under the control of the sweet little lady in the large bonnet, who stamps about vigorously in a futile attempt to keep warm.

A man who looks like Bob Cratchit strides blithely along bearing a good sized Christmas tree on his shoulder. He is proud of the bargain which he has picked up at the last minute.

Joyous cries issue from the throats of the good-natured, last-minute shoppers who, each with a "Merry Christmas" on his tongue, continually pour in and out of shops.

In the midst of such happy bustle and confusion, a familiar carol floats liltingly through the air. An earnest group of carolers have congregated in the park, and over them the same stars shine as once they did over "royal David's city where stood the lowly cattle shed."

At home "the stockings are hung by the chimney with care," and the gaily-wrapped presents are arranged under the tree, which, more beautiful than ever, majestically holds



CANDLE

By Mary Lynch

Tall and stately, burning brightly,
Shedding radiance over all,
Keeping vigil through the night,
Casting shadows on the wall.

Lighting up the darkened window,
Waiting, watching till the dawn,
Sometimes rising high and bright,
Sometimes fading—almost gone.

In the grey of early morning
Just a blackened wick it lay,
But it had seen the Noel in,
Had welcomed the joyous Christmas Day.

out its shimmering branches with their brilliant ornaments of varied hues. The fragrant odor of balsam and bayberry pervade the air. On the hearth the yule log blazes and crackles merrily. On the mantle the red Christmas candles flicker and dance grotesquely, offering their short lives to the celebration of Christmas Eve. Outside the window snow is still softly falling, the stars are shining brightly, and over all the scene is spread the peace and contentment of the Christmas season.

"You Can't Teach An Old Dog--"

By Loraine Dakin

MERRY stared at her reflection in the mirror and gasped. She had told Madame Renie what she wanted—that she wished to be sophisticated, glamorous—and Madame had truly outdone herself. For Merry Atkins no longer stared out at her, but Marion Bouchane Atkins, daughter of Henry Atkins III and the former Ellen Wolfe Bouchane. Blonde curls piled high like a mass of burnished gold, blue eyes beneath delicately arched brows—just the right amount of rouge and lipstick, the first that had ever touched her face. A strapless gown of creamy lace clung to her slender form, and silver sandals peeping from beneath the gown completed the picture. Ordinarily she wouldn't be going to a party, for Marion Bouchane Atkins had chosen to lead an easy life in which spike-heels, fussy dresses, make-up, and crowds had no part. Fishing, hiking, and riding had been her pastimes; slacks and tweeds her favorite attire. The rough, out-of-door life had made her skin a deep brown, and she had scorned to improve it by paint and powder.

But now—now all of that was changed, for Walter Hanley II had returned from college. Merry was glad he had returned. Before he had left for school, they had been the best of friends—had gone fishing, hiking, swimming and sailing together, and Merry had been happy. But now Walt was back—a new, strange Walt, who was rushing Lita Gordon, the younger set's glamour girl. True, he had called twice, but always they had talked impersonally, and the intimate, easy-going days seemed far away.

Since that second night when he had asked her to Jane Westman's party and she had refused, he hadn't even bothered to call. True she had seen him at the lake just last week

and he had called to her, but her pride and some imp within her had urged her to swim away which she had done,—and she had been sorry afterwards. She had spent a miserable month and had, many times, wished to have her hands about the neck of the fellow who said, "Love is beautiful," for it was agony! Finally, in desperation, she had accepted an invitation to the country club dance and had begun planning her campaign.

First of all she had set about letting her fingernails grow—which was no easy task—then she had made the appointment with Madame Renie, about whom the girls had raved. With many misgivings she had brushed her long hair and slipped into her tweed suit, jumped into her roadster and driven to town. At the door of Madame's huge establishment she had halted, panic-stricken, and had been tempted to run. Determinedly she had pushed open the door and stepped inside. Vaguely she remembered being greeted by Madame, telling her what she wished, and then the whole day had become a nightmare of steam, water, lotion, dresses, and the blur of many skillful hands.

Now it was all over—she was transformed from a tomboy to a graceful young lady. She must not cry, for Madame had warned her the mascara would run—she must be calm, for her escort would soon be calling—but, oh, she felt so weak!!!

The club was ablaze with lights as they drove up. Soft music and muted laughter drifted out towards the parking space. Again Merry had that intense desire to flee, but, with chin held high and eyes bright, she resolutely placed her hand on her escort's arm and they made their way through the maze of cars towards the door.

"Darn! I wish these heels weren't so

high!" she thought. "Wish that I—" but she had no time to finish for they were inside. Now she was part of the gaiety and was whirling out on to the dance floor. She knew naught of the beautiful picture she made, curls gleaming, cheeks flushed, eyes bright—as she moved gracefully from one partner to the other. She was searching for Walt's dark head.

Then, as she saw him, the music became faint and the crowd seemed to drop away. He was standing apart from the others, watching her with a queer look in his eyes, a sort of puzzled look. As she danced by him she smiled and he nodded, but for all the rest of the evening he did not come near her.

The rest of the evening was torture—smiling and coquetting when she felt like crying and throwing things.

"You look beautiful tonight, Merry," Jane said to her in the powder room where the belles had gone to repair the damages before leaving.

"Yes," smirked Lita, "you were quite a success." But her eyes said plainly, "but not successful enough."

"She's right, too," thought Merry, "I have failed."

The next morning early, as in the old days, she arose and donned her slacks, packed a lunch and went fishing.

Upon reaching the glade, she peered about, half hoping, half fearing that Walt might be there. But no—the brook sang along undisturbed. She shook herself and grumbled—"So you're going to forget him, huh? Well, let's see if you've forgotten how to cast."

Up came her arm—a flick of the wrist, and the fly lay dancing on the water. By noon she had caught two or three trout and a ravenous appetite, so, putting her pole down, she curled up contentedly at the base of a large oak tree, and ate. About fifteen minutes later she arose, stretched, and once more took up her pole. Arm raised, a flick of the wrist—but no fly lay on the water. Instead, it hung

dancing in the breeze about three feet above the surface of the stream.

"Thought I told you never to jerk your line—or maybe you've forgotten?" jeered a masculine voice behind her. The leafy ceiling seemed to fall in, and the earth was going around in circles as Merry turned to face Walter Hanley II, attired as of old in dirty duck trousers and frayed shirt.

"What are you d-doing here?" stuttered Merry—"and besides I didn't jerk my wrist, the wind carried the line over that darned ol' branch."

"Yeah, and I suppose I'll have to climb out and untangle it," groaned Walt, ignoring her question entirely.

"Huh," she snorted, a faint pain tugging at her heart as she remembered how often he had to do just that—"you'd probably fall in now."

"Oh, is that so?" said Walt getting a bit red—"oh, is that so!" he repeated. "Say, just because you're a glamour girl now, it doesn't mean you can say that and get away with it," and he started menacingly toward her. Many times before, the stream had received one of them, the victim of a well planned push.

"O-oo," she cried clambering out on the branch to rescue her fly, "just because you're a gigolo now, doesn't mean you can push me around."

Suddenly a lot of things were very clear to Walter Hanley II and, because it seemed so much like old times, he continued after her.

"Don't come out here," she laughed, "or you'll be very sorry!"

"That's an old one," called Walt, and clambered out after her. But a rotten limb and male ego were against him, and with a creak the branch toppled into the water.

"Well, Marion Bouchane Atkins," sputtered Walt, "I hope you're satisfied!"

"OO-oo, call me Merry!" giggled Merry—"Atchoo!"

A "What-Not"

By David Strout

IN Father's childhood a "what not" was a series of shelves placed in the corner to be used for whatever purpose seemed important. Usually it was a storage place for brother's toys, sister's dolls, Mother's crocheting, Dad's fishing tackle, Grandmother's knitting, or what have you. Today, however, a "what not" is that useful thing commonly called the "male". The female has formed several undesirable habits which surely should be broken; otherwise we men will become useful repositories for knickknacks and nothing more. Witness the experience of a friend of mine.

He looked like a fashion plate as he left the house to pick up his date for the Junior Prom. His bow tie was masterfully adjusted, his hair gleamed, and his face shone as a result of intense scrubbing. His tux looked as though it had been molded to him. When he arrived at her house, it hadn't been two seconds before she asked if he had room in his pockets for a "teenie, weenie comb." He said he had. While riding in the car, she asked if he could find room for her gloves. He said he could. At the check room she asked him to carry her little beaded bag in his other pocket. He said he would. When they reached the dance floor, he looked like a bad case of elephantitis. Soon he was the cynosure of all eyes. Lumps here, protrusions there. He was determined to go on in silence, however, and held his head high, but not high enough, unfortunately, to prevent her from depositing two-thirds of her rouge upon his collar. His cuffs became wrinkled as a result of frequent reaching into his pockets for her seemingly necessary articles. The strain of producing her endless possessions frayed his temper and rumpled his attire. When the time came to go home, she looked as fresh as when she had arrived, but

he resembled a none-too-tidy butler. He wouldn't have felt so badly, though, if when he took his hat off at her doorstep to say goodnight, a passerby hadn't dropped a nickel into it.

So, I say, fellows, let's get after these dames. This habit of loading us down with all manner of junk is becoming too much of a good thing. What are we? Are we men, or are we "what-nots"?

JACK FROST

Emma Renzi

He paints the leaves with silver dust
That glitters in the light.
He goes about and does his work,
In the dead of Autumn night.
He creeps about so stealthily,
He never makes a sound;
And while men sleep he flits about,
Upon his silent round.
The morning sun will smile upon
Each silver bush and blade.
And Jack will shout in ringing tones
"Behold, the world I've made."

THE SPINNER

By Betty Moore

"Eccentric" is the word indeed
For Fortune's inconsistent creed.
She spins the wheel with ill intent
As though on my destruction bent.
But then, perhaps, 'tis not so ill
That I am forced to do her will;
For, hardship though it seems to me,
Perhaps to someone else 'twill be
A flood of happiness untold,
Whose only check, now in my hold
Placed there by Fortune's sage caprice
Gives me the joy of its release!

Safari

By A. Herbert Boyajian

"SHALL we join the Byrd expedition to Antarctica? Or, shall we arrange a safari of our own to Arctica?"

"No! There are no schools at either pole—except schools of fish—and what do fish know about SSG, student self government?"

"How about Holyoke, then? This book lists it as having SSG."

"To Holyoke we shall go, then, to hunt for 'dope' on SSG."

And so it was that the Features Editor and fair companion started out one morning on a safari—hunting expedition—over the trail to H. H. S.

Mr. Mockler, one of the two faculty advisers of the Student Council, received us graciously and answered all of our questions fully and frankly. His dignified appearance constantly reminded us of our own Mr. Reagan; his wit, of our Mr. Leahy and Mr. Hennessy; and his enthusiasm for his Council, of Mr. Gorman's for the "Mikado."

H. H. S., with about 1800 students, is about the size of P. H. S., and has had student government for fifteen years! We asked Mr. Mockler what he thought of student government after fifteen years' experience with it. "I think of student government," he told us, "as student participation in school administration; not an attempt to take over the principal's job, nor to improve the administration of the school, but to give the students practice in responsibility, self-management, and citizenship."

Well, practice is a fine thing, of course; but how well did the students perform their share of the school administration?

"Some years, very well; in other years, well, not so well." It depended on the officers and members elected to the council, just as in our city, state and national governments.

We asked Mr. Mockler to name some specific accomplishments of the Student Council. He explained to us how the Council had conducted a campaign and raised a large athletic fund; how, when the students wanted to plan dances and found their school gymnasium too small, the Council had hunted up a suitable dance hall in the city, where four dances are held yearly. The Council provides also free dancing classes, hiring an outside instructor. In conference with the principal, the Council plans and conducts the assemblies. It has charge of supervision in the cafeteria and the locker rooms. A remarkable feature is that the lockers have no locks; there is no need for them—for such is the student spirit at Holyoke! The Council has charge of ushering at all school functions and appoints also the traffic officers. Faced with the problem of curbing booing by the over-spirited students at basketball games, the Council (with the permission of the principal) called an assembly and had the athletic heroes of the school explain to the students that the team would appreciate more creditable expressions of loyalty at the games. Now the students put all their energies into cheering.

Holding out for P. H. S., we expressed the thought that we had most of these things without the benefit of a student council, to which Mr. Mockler replied: "If the system developed by the students themselves at Holyoke were no better but almost as good as that developed by the faculty at other schools, would it not be a higher accomplishment?" We had to admit that it would. Furthermore, the students were particularly happy and enthusiastic, because whatever they had was what they had desired and worked for.

(Continued on page 18)

XMAS STOCKING

Here are a few things that some of our teachers would like to get from St. Nick —
Wanted by —

Miss Pfeiffer

More sleep in the morning

Help!
Save me!

Miss Power

by MISS DOWNS
ALL THE LATEST GOSSIP
A New book and time to read it

Mr. Leahy — A tricycle

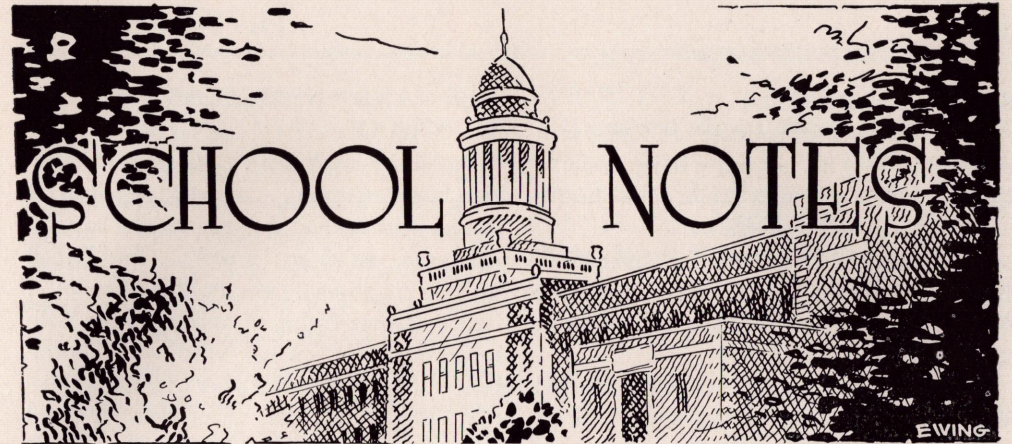
Mr. Geary

Not a blessed thing-----

Yet?
?

A New Automobile

Don Kfesselbrock



CHRISTMAS STOCKING

In case dear old Santa is pondering deeply over what to give our faculty, here are a few hints from some of our teachers.

Wanted by—

Miss Kaliher—a million dollars to fight the "foochist" party in the third period class.

Mr. Herrick—a Merry Christmas for everyone in the junior class.

Miss Ward—a mink coat.

Mr. Stewart—a new automobile.

Miss Nagle—a big bag of gumdrops.

Mr. Leahy—a tricycle.

Miss Parker—a snow cruiser to get across the street to the Livingston Apartments.

Miss Power—a new book and time to read it.
Miss Millett—a French moving picture in P. H. S.

Mr. Moran—more boys who get up early in the morning.

Mr. Geary—not a blessed thing. He's perfectly satisfied with all these lovely children.

Miss Pfeiffer—a chance to sleep late in the morning.

Miss Prediger—a place where it's nice and warm.

Miss McLaughlin—a big box of candy.

Mr. Hennessy—two million dollars;—one step ahead of Miss Kaliher.

Mr. Murphy—peace and quiet in 102.

Mr. Strout—continuance of the same excellent cooperation by teachers and pupils.

SENIOR NOTES

At a recent meeting of the senior class, Bruce Hainsworth was elected chairman of the Senior Year Book.

Joe Melle, pint-sized linesman on the football team, was elected chairman of the Cap and Gown Committee.

The cast for The Mikado has been chosen by Mr. Gorman as follows: Cynthia Scribner, Yum-Yum; Bruce Miller, Nanki-Poo; Basil Jones, Mikado; Don Lucier, Ko-ko; Gerrie Seagrave, Peep-Bo; Pamela Walker, Katisha; Bob Finnegan, Pooh-Bah; Gordon Almstead, Pish-Tush.

JUNIOR NOTES

The results of the election at the class meeting in October came a little too late for publication in the last PEN, but the officers are as follows: Edmund King, *President*; Helen Wade, *Vice President*; Leonard Volk, *Treasurer*; Mary Broderick, *Secretary*. Mr. Herrick was chosen as class adviser.

A good will committee has been appointed for the class. The chairman is Dorothy Arigoni, supported by Barbara O'Hearn and Fred Cande.

The question of dues has arisen so often that the treasurer says the pockets and purses won't have to be dug into until after Christmas.

At the last class meeting it was decided that the Junior Prom will be held in May instead of December as it was suggested.

SOPHOMORE NOTES

Now that the sophomores are fairly well established, they are beginning to get down to business. Very seldom is "hi-ya, soph" heard, and the sophs feel less inferior.

Social dancing classes for the sophomores began recently, so by the time the Junior Prom comes along, they ought to be right in the swing.

Barbara Naeve has left the snow-covered hills of the Berkshires for the sunnier climes of Florida.

It is quite a privilege for a Sophie to enter Tri-Hi and Gi-Y, but we don't envy those who were getting initiated by wearing their dresses backwards, overshoes, upsweep hair-dos and whatnot.

MOTION PICTURE CLUB

The Motion Picture Club has been steadily increasing its membership since its reopening in September. The new members have been appointed to the various committees.

The pictures "The Real Glory" and "The Private Lives of Elizabeth and Essex" were studied during October and November. The pictures were attended by the group and topics of various questions of interest on the picture were discussed at the meetings.

RADIO GUILD

This year the Radio Guild is putting on a series of historical broadcasts. On November 22 the play entitled "Braddock's Defeat" was presented. The following boys took part: Russell Parker, Robert Wood, Clarence Brower, William Slater, Nelson Musgrove, Victor Supranowicz, George Grossman, Stephen Yerozunis, Warren Vreeland, Harold Girard and Dann Coburn. Mr. John E. Joyce is rehearsing the broadcasts.

AROUND THE BUILDING

The sophs are beginning to believe that old saying, "Appearances are deceiving," for we still notice some of them mistaking Miss Rhoades for a fellow classmate.

SEEN AND HEARD ABOUT THE SCHOOL

Walking lampshades . . . Carmina Vangelisto falling upstairs . . . a certain dignified (?) teacher with his feet draped over the balcony rail (yeah, we've got proof) . . . Bob Cahall walking pidgin-toed (rehearsal for Mikado) . . . George Grover trying to convince Miss Kalisher his pockets are not filled with contraband . . . Marj. Salo with her overshoes on—the weather isn't that changeable . . . red kneesocks . . . blue kneesocks . . . green kneesocks . . . more kneesocks . . . Winnie Aitchison a huge bow . . . Tommy King saying "saw a swell game at Albany" . . . Johnny Bence minus his beard . . . Steve Yerazunis, master (?) of the complex science of physics . . . George Mitchell with writer's cramp . . . Bill Roberts with a new attraction—a nose broken in four or five places (he'll let you see it for a dollar) . . . Joseph P. McGovern a blushing bridegroom . . . Charlie McCarty incurring Miss Nagle's wrath . . . Al Lindquist going to sleep in 212 . . . Robert "George Washington" Wood—the Golden Voice of Pittsfield High . . . George Grossman acting like a horse (good thing there isn't television) . . . Mr. Gorman wearing his hat to school (guess winter's really come) . . . Agatha Quetti playing "teacher" . . . Messrs. Burghardt and Rozanski, co-captains of the football team (wait 'll the girls hear this) . . . "favorite sons" returning from school . . . Miss Nagle wondering what she'll get for Christmas . . . Johnny Massimiano knocking down a young lady (purely accidental) . . . Warren "Limey" Vreeland getting shot (tsk, tsk only over the radio) . . . Art Peltasalo getting madder and madder at Russia . . . The debating club turning to cooler subjects as a source of material—corpses . . . F. C. "Professor" Gorman showing the girls how to do a "Japanese waddle" . . . Robert McCarthy, the janitors' friend, who favors the impressment of innocent students for janitorial tasks . . . Pat Connolly challenging—"Who says soph's don't get around?" . . .

C. E. Murphy finding the cutest l'il tack on his chair (shucks! and before he sat on it, too) . . . No wonder the Chinese use chopsticks—the Soph's new style is causing a shortage of spoons . . . Ida Ewing losing her lock twice already! . . . Certain girls wearing their dresses in reverse don't seem to know if they're coming or going (maybe it's a new type of camouflage to confuse the poor males) . . . Tony Mogovero, sporting a Christmas wreath a week before Thanksgiving . . . Lois Milton remarking that Jean McCloud's overshoes were a howl (you should have seen Lois and on a sunshiny day, too!) . . . Two sophomores, Barbara Barret and Eleanor Preble, strolling gracefully (?) around the school with upswept hair-dos . . . Mary Quinn parading around as Little Audrey in a pie plate hat . . .

The girls are growing younger every day. Besides ultra-short skirts, big hairbows, and long hair, they've gone in for high socks now. What will it be next?

A student accosted Mr. Leahy one day. "Guess what I saw at the fountain!" said he. Poor, unsuspecting Mr. Leahy said "What?" "Water," answered the witty one, scampering away.

In Latin class—To a teacher's question, "Where is your grammar?" the answer by a bright student was, "She's home." Who said Latin improved the mind?

TORCH GI-Y

The officers of Torch Gi-Y club, chosen for this year, are Helen Hoxtor, *President*; Marion Gillette, *Vice President*; Frances Conlin, *Secretary*; Beulah Olsen, *Treasurer*; Dorothy Roe, *Warden*. The new adviser of the club is Mrs. Wendham. The following girls were elected into the club: Virginia Amerio, Marion Blowe, Gene Scott, Alice Lloyd, Helen Prendergast, Mary Broderick, Rosemary Norton, Helen O'Connell, Natalie Hefter, Joan Collins and Thelma Horner.

TORCH HI-Y

The newly elected officers of the Torch Hi-Y are *President*, Ken Weeks; *Vice President*, Jacob Kohl; *Treasurer*, Henry Rosenthal; *Secretary*, Willys Monroe; *Warden*, Milton Howe. Plans for the coming year are indefinite.

ASSEMBLIES

A. I. E. E.

THE BIRD MAN

On October 30 Cleveland Grant returned to open the series of A. I. E. E. lectures. His bird pictures this year were more breathtaking than before because of their colors. We had always enjoyed his assembly, but the colored films made it more interesting. Mr. Grant made us realize how little we know about the birds in our own section of the country; we were surprised to find how many beautiful birds are living around us. It seemed amusing to see other members of the male species "strut" about. The P. H. S. boys aren't the only ones, it seems.

ON THE OCEAN FLOOR

There are many ways of making a living in this world, but few of us will have the opportunity to do it in such a novel and interesting way as Captain Jim Craig. In his lecture on November 8 he admitted that sometimes thrills—which are a common occurrence in his life—can become even boring. Our curiosity about undersea life was satisfied by his pictures, and even though he himself wasn't sure what was coming on the next reel, we did enjoy it. Those big fish may not frighten him at all, but we'll take ours in a can—they seem less harmful that way.

BARITONE

An appreciative and eager audience sat enraptured in the auditorium on October 25 to hear Mr. Nalidoff, Russian baritone, who was accompanied by the Italian singer, Miss Tricome. The two singers, accompanied by Miss Dorothy Jones on the piano, sang many of the songs which we all know and love.

THE LIBRARY COLUMN

By Betty Moore

A NUMBER of pupils—they might even in a moment of weakness be called students—of Pittsfield High, have made the startling discovery that hidden away in its depths is a library. A familiar but erroneous student attitude toward libraries in general is that they are stuffy old places.

However, with the advent into our midst of a full time librarian and an attendant flock of brand new books, "Mr. Average Student" has perked up a bit and decided to assume his most winning smile and to approach his teacher concerning a little matter of a library permit. Now, if he's done his homework for the previous day, and has arranged his book at just the right angle during class so that the teacher hasn't seen the thrilling "Red Falcon" story inserted between its pages, "Mr. Average Student" will undoubtedly obtain his permit. However, if he has slipped up on either of these important issues, his failure will be inevitable, although he won't mind because the library is open for an hour after school and he can go in and browse around to his heart's content among the three thousand odd volumes and current magazines.

It has been the common belief for several years that teachers lie awake nights racking their brains for obscure topics for their pupils to investigate. The pupils laboriously thumb through page after page of material which has nothing to do with the assignment. That's where Mr. Newman comes in. He doesn't profess to be a "human encyclopedia," but he knows which one to look in for data on the latest "headache."

So take advantage of the thing at hand and—"Drop In!"

A few of the new books available which will undoubtedly prove interesting are:—

"Baldy of Nome" by Esther Darling
 "White Coats" by Dwight B. Fishwick, M. D.
 "All This and Heaven Too" by Field.
 "Sue Barton, Student Nurse" by Boylston.
 "Sue Barton, Senior Nurse" by Boylston.
 "Sue Barton, Rural Nurse" by Boylston.
 "Sue Barton, Visiting Nurse" by Boylston.
 "Iron Duke" by Tunis.
 "Peggy Covers the News" by Emma Bugbee.
 "Patsy Breaks into Advertising" by E. Grumbine.
 "Planets, Stars and Atoms" by Frost.
 "The Boys' Book of Insects" by Edwin Teale.
 "Story of Aircraft" by Fraser.
 "Motor Racing" by Eyston.

SAFARI

(Continued from page 13)

We learned in the course of our interview that the Holyoke student government consists of a president (senior boy), a vice-president (senior girl), a cabinet, a council and two faculty advisers (one man, one woman). The cabinet consists of class representatives: six seniors, three juniors, two sophomores, and one freshman. The Council includes the cabinet and the homeroom representatives, sixty-five members in all. The cabinet, functioning as an executive committee, draws up the business for the Council meetings, which are held once a month during the sixth period.

Miss Gear, the other faculty adviser, told us that every year Holyoke participates in inspiring state and national conventions of student councils. Last year, Holyoke was the hostess to the state convention.

The time now being almost two-thirty P. M., we expressed a desire to interview some of the student leaders but were disappointed to learn that school had closed, as usual in Holyoke, a half hour earlier.

Late that afternoon we returned from our safari with a valuable idea in the bag . . . the only thing that P. H. S. lacks to make it the perfect school, the pride of the faculty, and the paradise of the student body, is

STUDENT PARTICIPATION IN THE SCHOOL ADMINISTRATION.

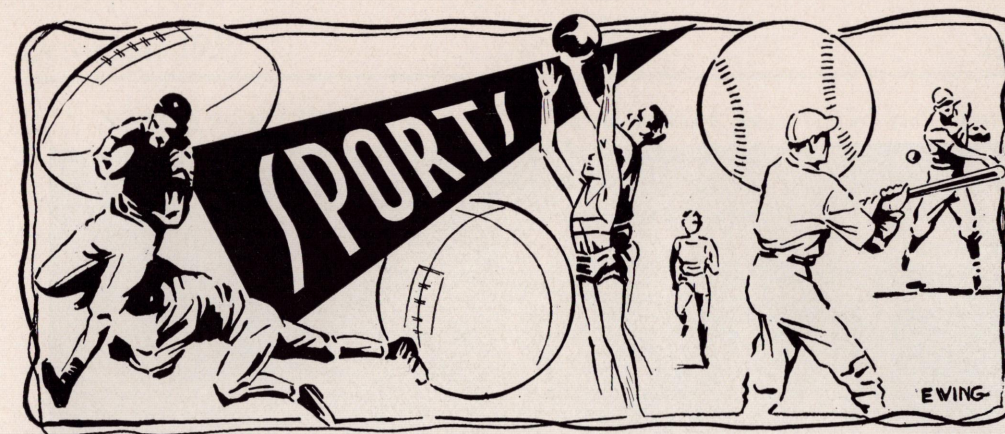
PRELUDE TO A CONCERT

(Tanglewood)

By Mary Jane Keeney

'Tis sunset, and upon a rise
 Stand people etched against bright skies.
 Before the concert starts they stroll
 Conversing, gazing o'er the Bowl.

Our picture, which subdued has been,
 Is sudden roused by foreign din;
 A hastened step, a glance at dials,
 A silken swish down crowded aisles,
 Greetings, laughter, whispering tones
 Are hushed,—Koussevitsky's on his throne.



PITTSFIELD 14—ST. JOE 7

By Fred Cande

A crowd of six thousand people stood in wide eyed amazement as Pittsfield High, with one of the worst seasons they ever had behind them, scored twice in the first half on a favored St. Joseph eleven and staved off a second half upswing by the Saints to win 14-7. A jubilant Pittsfield student body, showing more spirit than they've shown in many a year, marched singing and shouting to the high school, from which they saluted the vanquished and cheered the victorious.

Not long after the kickoff, Pittsfield received a break when Higgins, St. Joe end, caught his team-mates punt, incurring a fifteen-yard penalty; but it was not until late in the first period that they scored when a wobbling pass from Grady was caught beautifully by Mitchell, who shook off D'Nicola and crossed the goal line for the score. Johnny Massimiano came in and split the uprights for the extra point. In the second quarter with the ball on St. Joe's thirty-three-yard line, Grady threw a pretty pass to Mitchell in the end zone for the second score. Massimiano again kicked the point. In the second half St. Joe came back strong, and when Bence fumbled on his own twenty-one; St. Joe recovered. Speranzo then threw a pass to Poulin at the three from which, two plays

later, Speranzo counted on a weak side play. St. Joe did not stop at that, and when the final whistle blew, they were down on Pittsfield's twenty as the result of a beautiful one-man exhibition by Steve Speranzo.

Detracting somewhat from Pittsfield's jubilation was the injury to Bill Roberts, who had played a fine game at guard.

Although Mitchell's catches were the star points of the game, the whole team deserves credit for a good job well done.

SIDELIGHTS OF THE GAME

Superintendent Edward Russell received quite an ovation from the P. H. S. stands . . . We wonder why.

Several enthusiastic fans were found after the game on the library balcony.

Mr. Strout and Mr. Herrick directing (!) the students' removal of the goal posts from the "chandeliers" over the main entrance.

A pint-sized maestro helped Mr. Gorman direct the band—well, he thought he was helping.

Two plays especially captivated our Purple and White fans:

Grady's bone-rattling tackle of Speranzo in the open field;

Mitchell's neat catch of Grady's pass, and DiNicola's futile effort to tackle the wily end.

ADAMS 7—PITTSFIELD 6

By Fred Cande

On Saturday, October 21, the Pittsfield High eleven went down to Deming Field determined to break into the win column after losing three straight, but when the final whistle blew they had lost to an aggressive Adams High team 7-6. Adams scored early, when Kryznawek caught a low flat pass on Pittsfield's twenty-five-yard line and raced to a score. Baran then kicked the point which proved to be the margin of victory. Although pushed around through the game, Pittsfield managed to score in the third quarter when Grady did a nice bit of running from punt formation for sixty-three yards and a score, but Simeno's rush for the important point failed. The fourth period was unproductive of score and the final whistle found Pittsfield behind 7-6. Grady's run was the highlight of an otherwise dull day for Pittsfield.

DISAPPOINTED, BUT NOT BEATEN

By Joseph Tagliente

On October 28 a determined Pittsfield team travelled to North Adams to engage the favored Drury eleven on Noel field. In its fifth engagement of the season Pittsfield was prevented from scoring only by a streak of ill luck.

Pittsfield began the most sustained offensive of the day in the last few minutes of the first quarter. Beginning on the forty-four-yard line, Burghardt went to the forty-eight-yard mark, from which Grady made a first down at Drury's forty-two on an off-tackle slant. Opening the second quarter, a Grady-to-Esposito aerial made another first down at the twenty-five-yard line. At this critical moment Evans entered the contest and made eight yards on an around-end run. Burghardt and Grady went to the thirteen-yard mark on line plunges. Procopio, replacing Evans, then flashed to the right of the field where he took a Grady pass, but, ill luck held sway as

Procopio fumbled when tackled and Giusti of Drury recovered.

Drury punted out to the thirty-yard mark; Procopio took the ball for Pittsfield and carried it to the eighteen-yard line, where he again fumbled. Foote recovered for Drury, thus spoiling Pittsfield's chance to score.

In the last few minutes of the first half Procopio dashed wide to the left of the field, lateralling to Grady who raced untouched for a "touchdown", but the pigskin was recalled to the forty-two when the officials ruled Grady had stepped out-of-bounds.

In the last period Drury was constantly in Pittsfield's territory. Starting from their own forty-five-yard mark, Auge and Marco went sixteen yards on fierce runs.

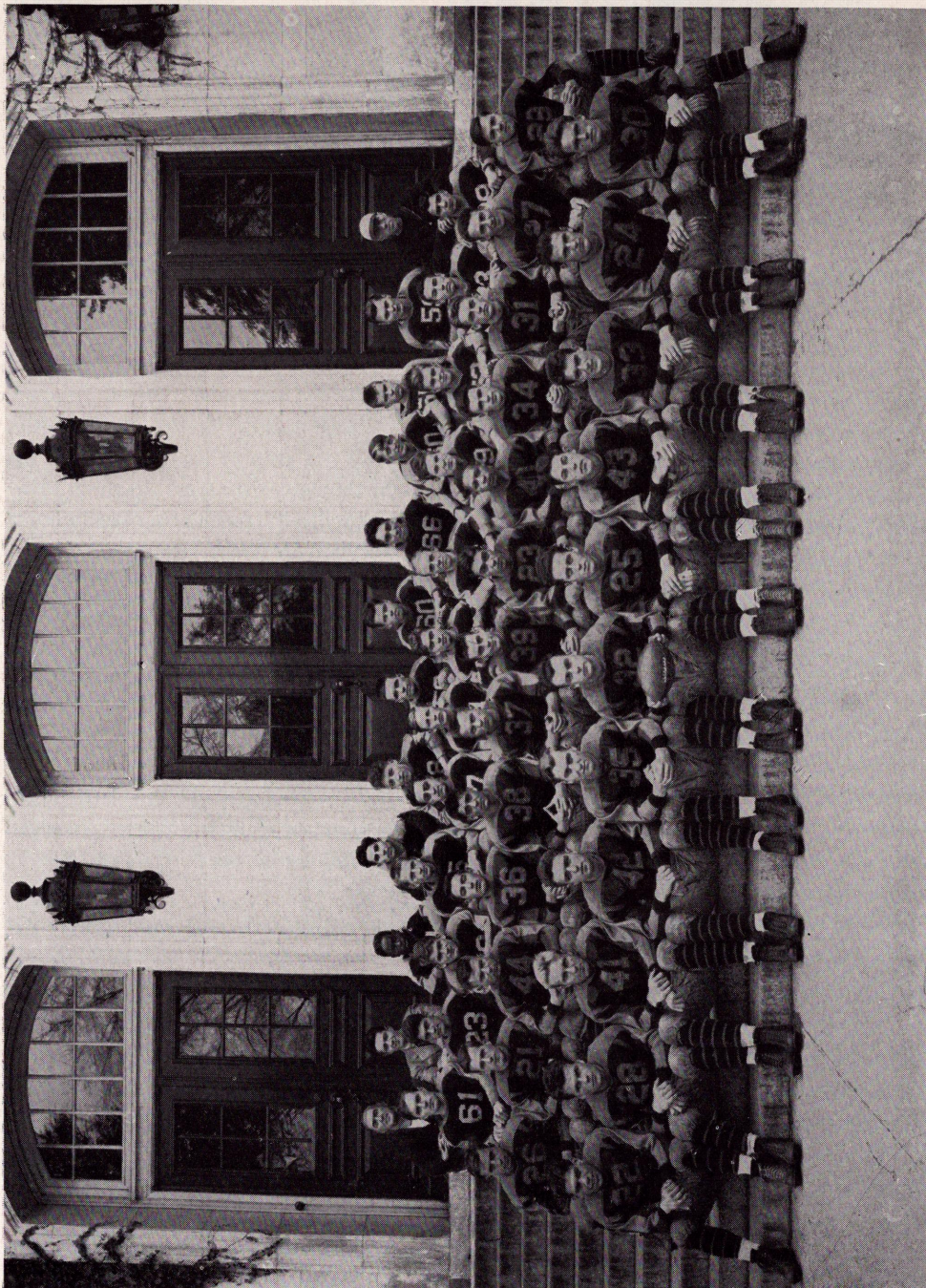
Again Drury embarked on a drive, beginning with Giusti's off-tackle run which netted twenty-five yards, bringing the ball to the nine-yard line but again Pittsfield held firm.

The outstanding player of the day for Pittsfield was Grady, while Burghardt also turned in a good performance. The outstanding linemen for Pittsfield were Twining and Mitchell. Giusti and Auge stood out well for the opponents. Final Score 0-0.

HOCKEY

By Fred Cande

Hockey has at last come into its own at P. H. S., for with the completion of the rink in the rear of the school, the students will be hockey-conscious as never before. We owe a debt of gratitude to Coach Carmody and the hockey-loving students of this school, and all others who made this rink possible. Last year Pittsfield awoke to the fact that hockey was being played at our school, when a band of energetic students built a rink of their own volition and then proceeded to play hockey. With that kind of spirit, it is little wonder that the season was so successful. This year many of last year's stars are missing, but with the few veterans and numerous aspiring recruits, there is no reason to believe that we can't have another successful hockey season.



THE 1939 FOOTBALL SQUAD



FOOTBALL REVIEW

By Fred Cande

With the football season at an end we might take this opportunity to look back. To look back is to look upon one of the most disastrous seasons in our history but one which ended happily by virtue of a fourteen to seven win over St. Joe. The season's record is as follows:

Greenfield	20—Pittsfield	0
Technical	14—Pittsfield	7
Agawam	20—Pittsfield	6
Adams	7—Pittsfield	6
Drury	0—Pittsfield	0
Albany Academy	14—Pittsfield	6
St. Joseph's	7—Pittsfield	14

Instead of an encounter with a weak team to work off first game kinks and flaws, Pittsfield met the powerful Greenfield eleven in the initial clash, and as a result netted a loss.

The next week Pittsfield ventured into the Tigers' cage in their game with the Springfield Tech Tigers, and except for a short stand in the first quarter came out badly clawed.

Then followed losses to Agawam and Adams. The best that our gladiators could do at Drury was a nothing to nothing tie.

Albany Academy came next and although John Simeno scored early on a long run after catching a pass, the New Yorkers won out on two quick touchdowns.

No matter how unsuccessful the season may have been on paper, it was entirely satisfactory to the thousand or more Pittsfield students to whom a victory over St. Joe makes any season a success. This year's fourteen to seven victory made hundreds of Pittsfield rooters deliriously happy. Mr. Strout's official comment on the game, "I told you we'd win," was a reminder of the optimistic speech by our principal at the rally before the game. Mr. Strout was not alone in his optimism, for there was a belief among loyal rooters that victory was inevitable.

This game saw many boys playing their last football for P. H. S. To them go our thanks and our wishes for continued success in whatever they turn their talents to.

And now for a little prediction: I feel that congratulations are in order for Jim Burghardt and Matt Rozanski, Co-captains, who have been honored by being given a chance to lead next year's *Berkshire County Champions*.

GIRLS' SPORTS

Bertha Thomson

Rosemary McHugh

SQUAD LEADERS

The following sophomores have been chosen as squad leaders. They assist the gym teachers during class. These girls also take charge of the showers and the attendance.

Mary Maloney, Katherine Monteleone, Patricia Fallon, Marion Strong, Margaret Oakland, Jean Miller, Helen Elso, Marion Murphy, Charlotte Lipson, Eleanor Preble, Helen O'Connell, Barbara Rath, Ruth Strizzi, Wanda Woitkowski, Caroline Hill, Ann Nugent, Celia St. Germare, Concetta Calabrese, Jean Medicke, Ruth Loomis, Irene Cooney, Ardarth Coe, Gloria Cushman, Anne Kennedy, Nancy Hardworth, Elizabeth Bonin, Josephine Karras, Gloria Diamond, Lillian Hagre, Marjorie Wallin, Benelry Roman, Jean MacCloud.

The seniors and juniors remain the same as last year.

ARCHERY

Jennie Karpeck, a senior, has been crowned Queen Robinhood by winning first place in the archery tournament. As an award she will receive a letter. Mabel Valenti and Kathleen Greene took second and third places; their rewards will be numerals.

VOLLEYBALL

The seniors won the volleyball tournament, the juniors taking second place. Even though the sophomores did not win, they put up a good fight.

The teams were:

Seniors—Captain Lillian Belair, Jennie Harpeck, Janet Millard, Margaret Ward, Alta Miller, Anna Buksa, Marjorie Bowlby, Consetta Scpion. Juniors—Captain Doris Lovejoy, Virginia Broyles, Grace Jones,

Agnes Cullen, Lorraine Mongeon, Sally Zazac, Edith Hunt, Dorothy Argonie. Sophomores—Captain Wanda Woitkowski, Ruth White, Georgia Diamond, Rena Grabicka, Mary Asci, Edith Gould, Jennie Morowski, Ruth Whitaker.

HOCKEY

This must be the seniors' year; they seem to be getting all the letters. This time it's hockey in which they are tops. The juniors took second place.

TRACK AND DANCING

For the past week there has been great activity going on in the gym. Sophomores, juniors and seniors have been running in and out of the gym office signing up for track, social dancing and Shawn dancing. When they have finished with track, which includes broad jumping, high jumping and a running broad jump, they will certainly have the kinks taken out of their legs.

The schedule for the track meet is as follows: first, the classes will meet to choose their winners; then these class winners will meet in the finals to choose the champions.

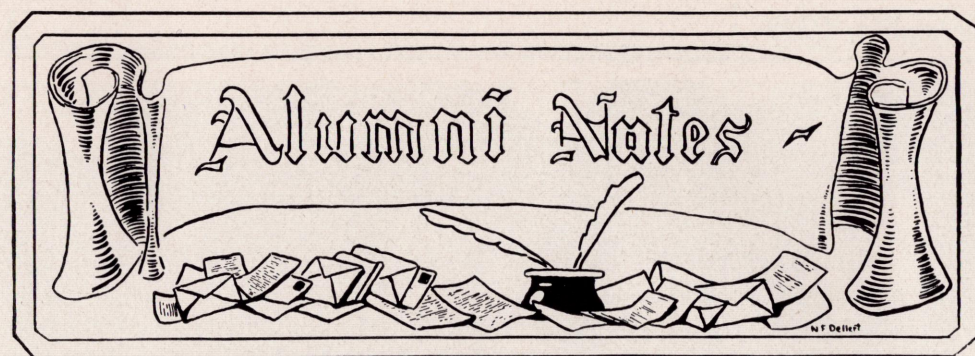
(Come on, juniors and sophomores, don't let the seniors win everything!!!)

Shelton: "Your girl friend called me up and said she would not be able to meet you today."

Mullaly: "Well, that's a wait off my mind."

Mary: "How do you like my new gown? I got it for a ridiculous price."

Jane: "You mean you got it for an absurd figure."



OFF TO A FRESH START

Class of 1939

Kathleen Buckley—St. Rose
 Marjorie Cahall—Bates College
 Dick Maloy—Massachusetts State College
 Shelah O'Connell—Wellesley College
 Marjorie Monroe—Middlebury College
 Bruce Benedict—Syracuse University
 Margaret Tierney—The Elms College
 Jane Hanley—New Rochelle
 Audrey May—North Carolina Women's College
 Catharine Carroll—Massachusetts State College
 Horace Hubbard—Cornell University
 Virginia Davis—Katherine Gibbs
 Dorothy Douglas—Univ. of North Carolina
 Elliot Weisgarber—New England Conservatory of Music
 Winthrop Brielman—Massachusetts State
 Doris Minard—Green Mountain Junior College
 Linwood Langley—Johns Hopkins
 Jack Teehan—University of Missouri
 Helen Finkelstein—Wellesley College
 Esther Mirmow—Smith
 Leonard Allen—Columbia University
 Barbara Roxbrough—De Pauw University
 Macie Williams—Green Mountain Junior College
 Dorothy Walker—Berkshire Business College
 Cecile Bissailon—House of Mercy
 Margaret McCarty—Springfield College
 Ella Lennox—Syracuse University
 Nan O'Connor—St. Rose
 Dale Schaffer—Boston University

Ralph Renzi, president of last year's senior class, has entered Williams College. He has been pledged to the Garfield Club, and is also a member of the freshman football team.

Despo Spring and Mary Makes are roommates at LaSalle Junior College this year.

Louise McEachron has entered De Pauw University, Greencastle, Indiana, where she has been pledged to the Delta Zeta Sorority.

Isabelle Sayles is a freshman at Ohio Wesleyan University where she is majoring in sociology. She has been pledged to the Kappa Delta Fraternity, and is on the Y. W. C. A. recreational leadership committee.

Robert Moore, editor-in-chief of THE PEN last year, has received a scholarship at Syracuse University where he is now entered as a freshman.

The Pittsfield Board of Sponsors for Camp Fire Girls has awarded its annual scholarship of \$50 to Barbara Howland. She has entered Bridgewater Normal School.

Esther Mirmow won the competitive regional scholarship at Smith College, where she enrolled this fall.

Mary Everest received the Honor Scholarship to St. Rose, where she has been chosen for the "Select Choir", which plans to hold joint concerts with Fordham and Holy Cross.

Johnny Spasyk, sophomore at the University of Vermont, has graduated "cum laude" from the freshman baseball squad, and is now playing "back" on the football team.

A
 GAY
 • AND •
 • MERRY •
 CHRISTMAS
 AND • A • HAPPY
 NEW • YEAR • TO
 ALL • THE • FACULTY
 ALSO • TO • ALL • THE
 STUDENTS • OF • P • H • S •
 FROM • THE • MEMBERS • OF
 THE • STUDENT'S • PEN • STAFF
 MAY • YOU
 ENJOY
 THE
 HOLIDAY

Elizabeth Byrne

LETTER TO THE EDITOR

November 19, 1939

To The Editor of THE STUDENT'S PEN:

The school spirit of Pittsfield High is beginning to show signs of rapid improvement, but it lacks organization. The enthusiasm is present and all it needs to bring it out is some lively, organized leaders. The present cheerleaders are far from being an organized group. They may all start together but, if I may say so, there are not more than two of them that end together. Consequently the cheers are not so loud or well organized as they should be.

Five cheerleaders may be sufficient for a small school but for a school with two thousand students, at least ten are needed. So one way of remedying this fault is to increase the number of cheerleaders. If this were done the leaders would be able to get closer together and the closer they get to each other, the easier it is to lead the cheers efficiently.

The additional five cheerleaders may well be taken from the feminine membership of the school, for there are many girls who would be willing to contribute their services to their Alma Mater.

The cheering is over for the football season but come on—let's get some good cheerleaders and get organized before the basketball season rolls around.

Donald Clark

Wishing You

A Merry Christmas

and

A Happy New Year

AUBRY'S Bake Shoppe

383 NORTH ST., PITTSFIELD

HUMOR

Polito: "I forgot to ask you to come with us on our hike this afternoon."

Grady: "It's too late now—I've already prayed for rain."

Q. "Why should a fat man wear a plaid shirt?"

A. "To keep a check on his stomach."

Teacher: "Johnny, use 'fascinate' in a sentence."

Johnny: "My father had a vest with ten buttons, but he could only fascinate."

A collegiate defines "parent" as "the kin you love to touch".

HARDTACK

Two college freshmen were busily engaged hanging pictures in their room. One, noticing the efforts of the other exclaimed,

"Hey Bill, you're driving that tack in head first!"

"Of course," replied Bill, "how silly of me—it should go in the opposite wall."

The seniors are at it again. A little soph was the victim of the latest joke, when he went to the office on the advice of a senior to obtain a smoking permit. (P.S. He didn't get it.)

Harry Shipton, Inc.

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